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APOLLO

AND

DAPHNE.

APOLLO



DAPHNE

VOCAL PARTS  
OF AN  
ENTERTAINMENT,  
CALLED

*Apollo and Daphne:*

OR,

The BURGO-MASTER Trick'd.

As Perform'd at the

THEATRE ROYAL

*Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*



LONDON:

Printed for T. Wood, and Sold at the Theatre Royal  
in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.* 1726. [Price 6d.]

# Vocal Characters.

VENUS,

*Mrs. Barbier.*

DIANA,

*Mrs. Chambers.*

CUPID,



MORPHEUS,

*Mr. Leveridge.*

MYSTERY,

*Mr. Leguerre.*

SLUMBER,

*Mr. Salway.*

HUNTERS,

*Mr. Leveridge.*

*Mr. Leguerre.*

*Mr. Salway.*

BACCHUS,

*Mr. Salway.*

PAN,

*Mr. Laguerre.*

SILENUS,

*Mr. Leveridge.*



# *APOLLO and DAPHNE.*

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## SCENE I.

*A Magnificent Palace discover'd.*

*VENUS attended with Graces  
and Pleasures.*

VENUS.



ET Him still brave my Son and  
(Me,

Proud and disdainful God!

Yet, *Phæbus*, shall thy stubborn  
(Heart be bow'd,

And, Thou my Pow'r in my Resentment feel.--

*DAPHNE* has such resistless Charms,

That, gazing, He must love. ---

B

Tho'

Tho' ev'ry healing Plant be thine,  
 They shall not cure thy Wound: Those Arts  
 Which aid the World, shall lend no Aid to  
 (Thee.

Vain were Graces,  
 Blooming Faces,  
 Beauty's Charms, or *Cupid's* Dart;

If a Lover  
 Could recover,  
 Or, at Pleasure, guard his Heart.

With Speed, my faithful Foll'wers go,  
 A Place prepare, where mighty Love  
 His all-subduing Pow'rs may prove,  
 There Juices shed, there Flow'rets strew;  
 Whose magick Force shall work th' Effect  
 T' avenge this willful God's Neglect.

DAPHNE, shine! The Queen of Love  
 Shall each rising Charm improve.

[ *Exeunt VENUS, and her  
 Graces, &c. severally.*

SCENE



SCENE II.

*The Stage darken'd with Clouds  
to represent the Night. MOR-  
PHEUS descends in a black  
Robe, spangled with Stars,  
his Head crown'd with Pop-  
pies, and a Leaden Mace in  
his Hand.*

MORPHEUS.

**N**OW fable-vested Clouds o'erspread  
The darken'd Globe; now hazy Dews  
And humid Vapours soft distil,  
Inviting to Repose. . . .

*Enter MYSTERY, to him.*

*Myst.* ————— Behold !  
 MYST'RY, thy faithful Slave, attends,  
 Wakeful alone to thy Commands :  
 And, see, the Partner of my Cares,  
 SLUMBER, at hand thy secret Rites to aid.

*Enter SLUMBER, on the other Side.*

*Slum.* Soft! — A dead Stillness o'er the  
(World prevails:  
My Pow'rs diffus'd have stifled Sound.

*Monph.* 'Tis well; - - Together, wrapp'd  
(in Shade,  
We'll tread the gloomy Wastè of Air.  
*Ocean* forgets to swell his Waves;  
The rustling Breath of Winds is hush'd;  
And Brooks scarce murmur as they glide.  
Only the Midnight Screech-Owl's Voice,  
And Howl of Wolves presume to break  
'The solemn Silence of our Reign.  
Ev'n Man, unquiet Man, 's at Rest.

*All three.*

*All three.* { Mortals, whom anxious Passions sway,  
Whom Cares perplex, and Toils decay,  
All their Relief from Night receive.

***Slim.***

*Slum.* In soothing Dreams they taste the Joy,  
*Myft.* Which Day and waking Hours destroy,  
*Morph.* 'Tis, when they sleep, alone they live.

*All three.* { Mortals, whom anxious Passions sway,  
 Whom Cares perplex, and Toils decay,  
 All their Relief from Night receive.

[*After the Air, they all Three ascend.  
 The Night disappears, and leaves  
 the Morning.*



SCENE



# SCENE III.

*The Side of a Wood. Several  
Huntsmen enter, and perform  
the following Ballad.*

I.

**H** Ark, hark, the Huntsman sounds his Horn,  
A Call so musical chides the Drone,  
*Ton, ton, &c.*

The Clangor wakes the drousy Morn,  
The Woods re-eccho the sprightly Tone.  
*Ton, ton, &c.*

II.

The loud-tongu'd Cry the Concert fill,  
Our Steeds with Neighing salute the Dawn.  
*Ton, ton, &c.*

We mount, and now we climb the Hill,  
Then swift descending we sweep the Lawn.  
*Ton, ton, &c.*

III. The

## III.

The distant Stag our Accent hears,  
Our Accent, fatal to him alone.

*Ton, ton, &c.*

He rousing starts, and wing'd with Fears,  
Forsakes the Thicket to seek the Down.

*Ton, ton, &c.*

## IV.

Altho' *Diana* claims the Field,  
The Woods and Forests tho' all her own,

*Ton, ton, &c.*

The Groves to *Venus* let her yield,  
Where we may follow her sportive Son.

*Ton, ton, &c.*

## V.

What Joy to trace the blooming Lads,  
Thro' darksome Grotto's, with Moss o'ergrown,

*Ton, ton, &c.*

What Harmony can ours surpass,  
When joining Chorus with Dove-like Moan.

*Ton, ton, &c.*

## VI. In

## VI.

In various Sports the Day thus spent,  
 Fatigu'd with Pleasures, when Night comes on,  
*Ton, ton, &c,*  
 Our Limbs tho' tir'd, our Heart's content,  
 With Wine regaling, all Cares we drown.  
*Ton, ton, &c.*



CUPID'S

CUPID'S *Ballad* to APOLLO.

**O**F thy Dart at length disarm thee,  
 Weak is its Force on Beauty try'd;  
 Soon from thy Rage the Nymph can charm  
 (thee,  
 And know to — toure, &c.

And know to break thy swelling Pride.

Or, should'st Thou, the Blow pursuing,  
 Dare once to give thy Jav'lin Flight;  
 Love finds a Shield, its Force undoing,  
 Where with a — Toure, &c.

Where with a Laugh the Wound she'll slight,

## III.

Cease to boast thy Bow resounding,  
 Conquests are gain'd with abler Darts;  
 CUPID has subtler Ways of Wounding,  
 And with black, &c.  
 And with black Eyes transfixes Hearts.



## SCENE IV.

*A Bower magnificently adorn'd  
with all things proper for the  
Reception of Love ; VENUS  
and DIANA assisting in the  
Festival. VENUS attending  
with Graces and Pleasures ;  
DIANA with Dryads, and  
other Forest Nymphs.*

VENUS.

*Smiling Graces, Pleasures gay,  
Haste, your Debt of Homage pay.*

*Gods, who did our Pow'r disdain,  
Pleas'd, embrace the Lover's Cham.*

*Smiling Graces, Pleasures gay,  
Haste, your Debt of Homage pay.*

DIANA.

*Diana.* Spight of myself I can no more  
 Resist a Flame once kindled.

**D I A N A.**

Yes, yes, *Endymion*, lovely Boy!  
 Thy innocent and youthful Charms  
 Have taught *Diana's* frozen Heart  
 To burn with unacquainted Flames.

Farewel, Mountains;  
 Lawns, and Fountains;  
 Bow'rs of Bliss are now my Joy.

Gazing, Wooding,  
 Vows renewing,  
 Shall each tender Hour employ.

Farewel, Mountains;  
 Lawns, and Fountains;  
 Bow'rs of Bliss are now my Joy.

**V E N U S.**

O Goddess, worthy now to boast  
 J O V E to thy Sire, who shar'st his Fires,  
 And own'st the Lover's glorious Name.

*Diana.* All these  
 Join his Festival to crown,  
 All these  
 Join his Influence to own,  
 All these  
 Love a blessing  
 All the Pow'r of Love confessing,  
 And Sylvesters dancing;

*Dian.* Spight of myself, I can no more  
Resist a Flame I once disdain'd.

*Ven.* In striving to resist,  
You fondly rob yourself of Joy.

*Ven.* Am'rous Kisses,

*Dian.* Nuptial Blissés,

Lover's Pleasures,

*Both.* { Cupid's Treasures,

{ Are the Sweets that life improve.

*Dian.* Still to languish

*Ven.* With sweet Anguish,

Softly sighing,

*Both.* { Murm'ring, dying,

{ Are th' immortal Gifts of Love.

[Here BACCHUS, PAN, and SILENUS  
enter, attended with Satyrs, Fawns, and  
Sylvans.

*All three.* See! a jolly Train advancing,

*Bacch.* Satyrs. —

*Pan.* — Fawns,

*Silen.* ——— And Sylvans dancing;

*Pan.* All the Pow'r of Love confessing,

*Bacch.* All esteeming Love a Blessing.

*All three.* { Join his Influence to own,  
{ Join his Festival to crown.

*An Entry of Bacchanals, and Bacchantes,  
followed by a Dance of Satyrs.*

**SILENUS** alone.

Tho' envious old Age seems in Part to impair (me,  
And make me the Sport of the Wanton and  
(Gay;  
Brisk Wine shall recruit, as Life's Winter shall  
(wear me,  
And I still have a Heart to do what I may.

Then, *Venus*, bestow me some Dam'sel, of  
(Beauty,  
Here's *Bacchus* will furnish the cherishing  
(Glasses;  
*Silenus*, tho' gray, shall to Both do his Duty,  
And now clasp the Bottle, and then clasp  
(the Lads.



*Here*

[Here several Dancers enter, representing different Parts of the World, who acknowledge Love's Power, and attend his Triumph; after which, FLORA strewing Flowers before CUPID, who is brought in a Triumphant Chariot, drawn by CUPIDS, seated on the Ensigns of the Gods, as his Trophies. A Grand Entry, in which FLORA represents an Inconstant.

# CHORUS.

Raise the Trophies, raise them high,  
Mighty Love the Conquest gains;  
Let, who dares his Pow'r defy,  
Live unworthy of his Chains.

# F I N I S.



